A

POEM

To Her Royal Highness

The Princeſs of *WALES*.

Occasioned by

Her late happy Delivery, and the Birth of a PRINCESS.

By Mr. **WELSTED.**

Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.

Aggredere, O! magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,
Clara Deûm ſoboles!

VIRG.

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To Her Royal Highness

The Princeſs of *WALES*.

STRIKE the deep Note, the Concent ſwell,
My Pſalt'ry, and my golden * Shell;
No more delight in Shepherds Themes,
Or warble to mæandring Streams:
For, lo! the Triumph Song we bring,
To the fair Daughter of a King
Devoted.—— *Britons*, This is She,
Who ſhall your Tow'r, and Bulwark be!
With Caroline, who wipes the Stains,
And Griefs away, of former Reigns:

---

* Aurea Teſtudo, *or the Lute.*

Nor

Nor *England*'s * Angel now bemoans
Her childleſs Queens, and barren Thrones.

WITHIN the Womb, in Silence kept,
While yet the Babe Imperial ſlept:
Diſtruſt, the Harbinger of Sorrow,
With panting Breaſt ſtill wak'd the Morrow:
But now, diſpers'd thoſe doubtful Glooms,
Gay Pleaſure mounts on Eagles Plumes:
I feel, I taſte, Joy's Saffron Gale!
Bright Princeſs! bleſt AUGUSTA, hail.
Sweet Bloſſom of a † conq'ring Race!
The Realms of Conqueſt doom'd to grace!
Beneath the dazling *Britiſh* Sun,
Great Beauty's Circuit ſhalt thou run:
Lo! in thy Eye Love's Lightnings ſtand:
All o'er thee is his *promis'd Land.*

To Heav'n the Hallelujah ſend!
Where ſhall our Thanks, or Raptures end?

---

* *Genius, or Guardian Deity.*

† *Vid.* Hiſtory of the Houſe of *Saxe Gotha.*

Moſt

Moſt fair of Mothers! happieſt Bride!
Like Palms, art thou, the Brook beſide;
Like Fields, with waving Harveſts crown'd:
The Fields, which Lillies border round!
Ordain'd to bleſs a Royal Line,
With Virtues, and with Charms divine;
To bleſs a more than Royal Youth,
With boundleſs Love, and ſpotleſs Truth.

Recount me, Muſe, the Dames of old,
In *Chriſtian* Charts, or *Jewiſh*, roll'd;
Whom *Iſrael*'s, or whom *Albion*'s Swains,
Have canoniz'd in mighty Strains!
See, led by Abr'am's lordly Hand,
The tempting Foundreſs of her Land!
Here, lo! the Star, with Nassau ſeen:
There, proud Ahasuerus' * Queen!
Anne Bullen this — too lovely roſe!
Who views her Form, ſhall feel her Woes:
That's † She, in *Egypt*'s grand Attire,
Who tun'd the *Hebrew* Monarch's Lyre!

---

* Hester.
† Pharaoh's *Daughter, one of the Wives of* Solomon.

Such were the high-rais'd Nymphs, whom Fate
Gave to ſubdue the Wiſe or Great;
Whom, thro' a Thouſand rubric Days,
Fame's never-dying Heralds blaze:
Yet, ſparkling Princeſs, could I be,
As Time to them, moſt juſt to Thee:
O'er theirs, thy brighter Name ſhould laſt,
And preſent Glories cloud the paſt.

At length, Hope bleeding now no more,
A virtuous Empire's Danger o'er,
Come, Goddeſs, forth! and with thee bring
The Gloſs, that mocks the Cygnet's Wing!
The * Mien! t' Immortals that belongs:
The Voice, more ſweet than Sky-lark Songs!
The Face! that innocent of Wiles,
Like Hebe blooms, like Venus ſmiles.

Yet firſt, awhile the long'd-for Day,
The Virgin's Jubilee delay;

---

* *Et vera inceſſu patuit Dea.*
Virg.

Nor

Nor Gladneſs, yet, thro' Worlds inſpire;
Nor, yet, re-wake great VARIO's Lyre:
Firſt, with thy God the Cov'nant ſeal;
At his all-hallow'd Altars kneel;
Devoutly, ſweetly, charming there,
Lift to the Mercy-Seat thy Pray'r;
There praiſe the Pow'r, that propt the Life
Of GOTHA's Siſter, FRED'RIC's Wife!
* In Battle cover'd GEORGE's Head!
Thro' whom the *Belgic* Surges fled:
Who quell'd Sedition's angry Dart,
And now o'erjoys thy Prince's Heart.

---

* *Oudenard* in *Flanders*.

F I N I S.